Condemnes you to the death: see them delivered over
To execution, and the hand of death.
Bush. More welcome is the stroke of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Gree. My comfort is, that Heaven will take our soules,
And plague iniustice with the paines of hell.
Bul. My Lord *Northumberland*, see them dispatch'd:
Vncle, you say the Queene is at your House,
For Heavens sake, fairely let her be intreated,
Tell her, I send to her my kind commends;
Take speciall care my greetings be deliver'd,
Yor. A Gentleman of mine, I have dispatch'd
VVith Letters of your loue, to her at large.
Bul. Thankes gentle Vncle: come Lords away,
To fight with *Gendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday. *Exunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Drums, Flourish, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Castle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late tossing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs must I like it well, I weepe for ioy
To stand upon my Kingdome once againe.
Deare Earth, I doe salute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horses hooses:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and smiles in meeting,
So weeping, smiling, greet I thee the Earth,
And doe thee favour with my Royall hands,
Feed not thy Soveraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy sweetes comfort his ravenous sence:

But

But let thy Spiders that sucke up
And heavy-gated Toade lye in th
Doing annoyance to the treachero
Which with usurping steps doe tr
Yeild stinging Nettles to mine En
And when they from thy bosome
Guard it I prethee with a lurking
Whose double tongue may with a
Throw death upon thy Soveraign
Mocke not my senceless Conjura
This earth shall have a feeling, an
Prove armed Souldiers, ere her na
Shall falter under fowle Rebellio
Car. Feare not my Lord, that pow
Hath power to keepe you King, i
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that
Whilest *Bullingbrooke* through the
Growes strong and great, in subst
Rich. Discomfortable Cosin, k
That when the searching Eye of H
Behinde the Globe, that lights the
Then theeves and Robbers raunge
In Murders and in out-rage bloo
But when from under this Terres
He fires the proud tops of the Eas
And darts his Lightning through
Then Murders, Treasons, and detes
(The Cloake of Night being pluck
Stand bare and naked, trembling
So when this Thiefe, this Traytor
Who all this while hath reuell'd i
Shall see us rising in our Throne, t
His Treasons will sit blushing in h
Not able to endure the sight of da
But selfe-affrighted, tremble at his
Not all the water in the rough ru
Can wash the Balme from an anoy
The breath of worldly men cann

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